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THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED

A CANADIAN PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

JULY—DECEMBER, 1888.

THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED.

ENTERED ACCORDING TO ACT OF PARLIAMENT OF CANADA, IN THE YEAR 1880 BY O. F. DEBARATS & SON AT THE DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE.

VOL. I.—1ST JULY TO 31ST DEC., 1888.

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THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED

A CANADIAN PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

VOL. I.—No. 1.

MONTREAL, 7th JULY, 1888.

\$4.00 PER ANNUM.
10 CENTS PER COPY.



THE DOG IN THE MANGER.

SIR CHARLES TUPPER: Why don't you sign the Treaty, Mr. President, and have done with the vexation?
PRESIDENT CLEVELAND: I am quite ready to do so, but can't get it away from that surly obstructionist there.

The Dominion Illustrated.

10 cents per copy; \$4 a year.

G. E. DESBARATS & SON, Publishers,
162 ST. JAMES STREET, MONTREAL.

7th JULY, 1888.

Send us \$4 for one year, or \$1 for three months, by Post-office order or registered letter.

We have in preparation excellent portraits of the Hon. Wilfrid Laurier, Hon. Mr. Mowat, Hon. J. J. C. Abbott, and other prominent men; also, views of public buildings in Toronto and Winnipeg, farming scenes in Manitoba, and many other interesting subjects.

We have to thank the Canadian Press, from Victoria to Halifax, for the handsome notices published of our sample sheet, and trust our *confrères* will find this and succeeding issues equally deserving of their approval.

We want canvassers everywhere to take subscribers for the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED. But the public will please notice that no receipts are valid, unless on numbered forms, issued by us and bearing our stamp. Persons wishing to canvass or to form clubs will please apply to us for terms, or to our Western Ontario agent, Alex. S. Macrae & Son, 127 Wellington St., Toronto.

PUBLISHERS' NOTICES.

AGENCY of "THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED" in TORONTO.—Messrs. ALEX. S. MACRAE & SON, of 127 Wellington street, Toronto, are our agents for Toronto and Western Ontario, authorised to receive subscriptions and take advertisements for "THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED."

TO PHOTOGRAPHERS.—We are anxious to procure good photographs of important events, men of note, city and town views, forest and farm operations, seaside resorts, mountain and prairie scenery, salmon and trout fishing, yachting, &c., from all parts of the Dominion, and we ask photographers, amateur and professional, to show their patriotism as well as their love of art, by sending us prints of such subjects as may enable us to lay before our readers, at home and abroad, interesting and attractive pictures of Canada.

We hope in succeeding numbers to begin the publication of the series of drawings promised by our art contributors, whose productions cannot come too soon nor too often.

PROSPECTUS.

"THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED": that is THE illustrated weekly paper of the Dominion *par excellence*; also, the paper in which we intend to illustrate the Dominion of Canada, its scenery, its industries, its cities, its attractions and resources, its great public works, its prominent men. This we will do thoroughly. We propose to show Canada in its summer aspects principally; to illustrate our great prairie farms and ranches, our Ontario vineyards and mines, our Quebec parishes, pioneer settlements and timber limits, our great Lakes and noble St. Lawrence, the shipping, fishing and mining interests of our Maritime Provinces, the magnificent mountain scenery of our Rocky and Selkirk ranges, the salmon canneries, huge trees and growing Pacific trade of British Columbia, not to mention those northern fertile and temperate regions of Peace River and Hudson's Bay, only now coming into notice. The field is immense, the variety infinite. We will give such pictures, mostly from photographs, that Canadians will not be

ashamed to send abroad, and that foreigners and fellow subjects beyond the seas will at once recognize as truthful and trustworthy. Such is our aim; we want by this means to make our country better known, not only to other nations, but to the various and far spreading sections of our own Dominion. With this end in view, we have secured the hearty and active co-operation of the following distinguished members and associates of the Royal Canadian Academy, whose drawings will appear in the regular issues:

L. R. O'BRIEN, President R. C. A., Toronto.
WM. BRYMNER, R. C. A., Montreal.
ROBT. HARRIS, R. C. A., Montreal.
O. R. JACOB, R. C. A., Montreal.
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Ontario Society of Artists.
GEO. HARVEY, A. R. C. A., Halifax.
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E. B. SHUTTLEWORTH, A. R. C. A., Toronto.
J. C. MILES, A. R. C. A., St. John, N.B.

Mr. HENRI JULIEN, the well known artist, will also supply drawings, principally cartoons, to "THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED."

Sketches of current events of importance will be reproduced, a few interesting engravings will be copied from the European papers, and we will also have some comic cuts, original or selected.

A prominent and attractive feature will be the weekly production of a fine art subject, of which "DREAMLAND" after Coomans, in this number, is a specimen.

The literary portion of "THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED" will be under the direction of Mr. John Lesperance, who is so well known throughout Canada as an erudite, scholarly, and interesting writer.

He will be assisted by a staff of able contributors and correspondents. The tone of the paper will be strictly non-partisan, and non-sectarian, but Canadian to the marrow. We are for building up a homogeneous, united, patriotic nation, and for ignoring all prejudices of race and sect; marching onward, shoulder to shoulder, to the goal of prosperity that looms ahead.

"THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED" will be printed with the finest wood cut toned inks, on the best cream enamelled paper, covered with old gold plated paper printed in agate red, and stitched with wire staples and the edges trimmed.

The price of subscription is \$4.00 per annum; the selling price of the paper ten cents per copy. Newsdealers in the west will be supplied by the Toronto News Co'y; in the east by the Montreal News Co'y. "THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED" will be sold on all trains and steamers.

The military bearing of our new Governor General has been noticed at once. He was a grenadier guardsman for years, and his son belongs to his father's regiment. His Excellency is a solid man, like his father, the late Earl of Derby, but not so fluent. What he says, however, is to the point, as coming from a full mind.



It is a good sign to see that Canadian bodies can command a hearing in the British Parliament, but these bodies should be careful to hedge in their complaints by absolute accuracy. Thus the Toronto Trades and Labour Council charged that pauper immigration was encouraged by persons describing themselves as Government agents, but Sir Michael Hicks-Beach practically denied this, and thus the whole matter remains in abeyance.

Another point of interest is a resolution brought before the House of Commons by Mr. Baden Powell, urging the value of Colonial inscribed Stocks for trust investments. The Chancellor of the Exchequer could not back the proposition, however much he wished to maintain Colonial credit, and preferred waiting until there had been a judicial discrimination in the value of Colonial Stocks. Sir Charles Tupper has an automatic project in hand which the British Government are said to favour.

There is comfort in learning, that the reported death of Stanley, the great African traveller, is not confirmed. At first we were told that he was cut off by Savage foes; then that he had been wounded and had died; again, that the King of the Belgians, personally concerned in Stanley's expedition, had received a despatch giving particulars of his death. Now, we hear that Leopold II. denies the whole story, and especially that Stanley's fate had been hidden for Stock purposes. That Stanley has come to some grief, however, is probably too true.

There seems to be no doubt about the decline of the movement headed by General Boulanger, in so far as it was meant to take an aggressive and dominant part in the foreign affairs of France. The French peasant, like peasants everywhere, has a fund of common sense, and is not quite disposed to be disturbed in the enjoyment of peace and the competence of his little farm—by irresponsible men such as the soldier Boulanger, or the poet Deroulade, whose agitation in this matter has been utterly laughable.

The waters of two Canadian rivers have been tested—the Richelieu and the Ottawa. In neither case was the result satisfactory. Indeed, the Ottawa, compared with samples of various waters of the Dominion, is pronounced inferior, with a quality not such as was thought. The government analyst further declares that there are some kinds of water which, without being properly impure, would create the germs of disease in predisposed persons.

The Toronto, and indeed the Ontario papers generally, have expressed surprise at the levying of an entrance fee to the Canadian side of the so-called International Park, at Niagara Falls. While every lane, path, street and standpoint is free on the American side; in Canada, where the view is the best, foot passengers are charged ten cents and vehicles, fifty. Surely the Commissioners are not going to persist in this paltry exaction, which is contrary to the spirit that dictated the establishment of a park there. Lord Dufferin, who broached the plan, expressly meant it to be free.

There are few cities in America, and perhaps in the Dominion of Canada, better provided for than Montreal in the way of public pleasure grounds. Besides Place d'Armes, Champ de Mars, Victoria, Dufferin, Dominion and St. Louis Squares, Viger Garden, Fletcher's Field and Logan's Farm, there are two places of outing peculiar to the city—St. Helen's Island and Mount Royal Park. It is now proposed to open another park by the acquisition of the Price Farm, west of St. Gabriel, between the Lachine Canal and the Lower Lachine road. The estate is of 207 acres and would contain a settling pond or basin in connection with the Montreal Water Works, which could be converted into an ornamental lake, as in New York Central Park, where the artificial water is that of the Croton reservoir.

An amusing commentary on the difference between profession and practice is seen in that leading members of both parties are often heard to say that the Senate and the Legislative Assemblies are useless and a state burden, and yet, as soon as there is a vacancy in either, candidates rush forward for the place, and there is no peace until the seat is filled once more. Both sides play this game with equal keenness, but the spirit which it displays is not that of true elevation.

It is not easy to determine the true meaning of the by-elections that have lately taken place in England and Scotland. On the face of them they seem to signify a gradual revulsion of the feeling, in these two countries, in favour of Home Rule for Ireland, but the interpretations of the newspapers are so hopelessly contradictory, that nothing can be made of them. Indeed, it looks as if the British press is not a whit more dispassionate or less partisan than that of the United States or of Canada. By-elections are hard to interpret, as a rule, but surely there is a way of telling whether the issues are political or only local and personal.

The new member for Sheffield had scarcely been a week in the Legislature when he moved to repeal the charter of the Quebec Ship Labourers Society, on several pleas of incompetency and mischief. That a gentleman from the hills of Stukely, where streams are not navigable and shipwreckers unknown, should take upon himself the Herculean task of wiping out the Quebec Kings of time and tide, is one of the amusing anomalies of legislative life. The question is primarily a municipal one, and as the corporation of Quebec has wisely let it alone, the chances are that the legislature will have some trouble with it.

Two useful and practical measures have been taken by the Department of Marine and Fisheries, which doubtless will meet with the approval of both parties, after being sanctioned, as they were, by Parliament. The one is the ordering from Scotland of a steamer specially adapted for government and other service between Prince Edward Island and the New Brunswick Coast, and the other is a call for tenders, in Scotland again, for a new steam cutter to be used in lighthouse and other work on the Pacific Coast.

A number of banks of Ontario and Quebec, having their headquarters at Toronto and Montreal, have held their yearly meetings during the past few days, and put before the public statements of their operations. The report from all of them, beginning with the Bank of Montreal and the Bank of Commerce, down to the smaller banks, is altogether satisfactory, testifying to a sound business for themselves, with good dividends and adequate rests, and proclaiming a healthy state of trade and money in almost all branches. This, with the now almost assured outlook of a plentiful harvest, is cheering news.

THE DOMINION'S MAJORITY.

There is no question here of polling day or of votes being cast. The reference is to the twenty-first anniversary of Canadian Confederation. On the first of July of the present year of grace, eighteen hundred and eighty-eight, the Dominion attains its majority. In other words, a whole generation has been born and brought up since that great constitutional event took place, and to that generation belongs the immediate future. The young men, on finishing their schooling, have chosen a trade, a profession, or some other calling, and, with the use of the suffrage, enter practically upon the functions of public life. The young women, having also concluded their training, assume the duties of the household, after passing under the flowery arch of courtship and love. They begin at once to raise the second generation of Canadians, and imbue them with their own good principles and sentiments.

It is on this auspicious day that the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED issues its first number, and our readers will allow that no more appropriate date

could be chosen. The object of the paper is to illustrate, by pen and pencil, the resources of the Dominion of Canada; to assist in its growth; to promote its prosperity, and to help the spread of its good name both at home and abroad. There is no more powerful agency to this end than the work of the painter, draughtsman and photographer, setting before the eye of the reader scenes of men, places, incidents, and the whole living panorama of a busy, active nation pushing forward, through seven rival provinces, to the fulfilment of their manifest destiny. The DOMINION ILLUSTRATED will be the people's paper, putting everything before them that will be likely to interest, inform and benefit. The letter press will eagerly support the artist and furnish the reader a weekly choice of all that is new, fresh, wholesome and important in the social, literary, scientific, artistic and even political spheres.

In illustration of this article, we publish, on this page, a coat of arms, which is commended as a permanency, and not subject, as is the case with the ordinary escutcheon, to changes on every new accession of provinces to the Confederation.



There is first the shield, divided into four quarters, representing the four races whose bone and muscle, whose brains and toil, whose pluck and money have made this country what it is, and laid the foundation of that mightier structure which it is going to become in the not distant future. These races are the English, French, Scotch and Irish. Each is represented by its token of national flower—the rose, lily, thistle and shamrock. The tutelary power of the whole is represented by the Imperial Crown, at the summit, and the peculiar and special Canadian character is denoted by a beaver over the shield and around it a broad wreath of the beautiful maple leaf. The legend underneath is simple, while it expresses the fundamental principle of our constitution that we thrive by union, although severed by race, creed and tongue. *Diversae conjunctae crescimus.* We need not indulge in sentiment, but in sober earnest there is room for saying that so sure as the Canadian confederated provinces are bound for a glorious destiny, a fair share of co-operation in the national work will be reserved for the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED.

CANADIAN CREDIT.

The material aspect of the national question is not sufficiently taken into account, especially in a young country like ours. And yet Canadians are a practical, almost prosaic, people; sprung, as a rule, from poverty; broken to hard toil;

used to the closest thrift in household management; unhelpful of much beyond competence, and not given to wild speculation. In Quebec, the French inhabitants are more inclined to fancy and sentiment, and often forget the hard needs of the present in the rehearsal of what is acknowledged to be a beautiful past. But even in that province, the staunch, solid farmers, who slave in their fields from youth to old age, and succeed in getting a stake in the land, are fully alive to the necessity of promoting the financial and business interests of the country. The same may be said of the merchants, tradesmen, real estate dealers and money makers of the cities and towns.

The man is blind who does not see that the natural resources of Canada, immense as they are, have been immensely developed in the past ten or fifteen years, and that the result of this expansion has been the physical and social well-being of the people. The improvement in agriculture has been very great, although there are parishes and counties where the backwardness of one hundred years is still seen. The transformation of whole cities and country towns by the establishment of manufactories, within the past short decade, has struck the casual visitor as much as the compiler of statistics, who sees therein the infallible figures of national progress. With agriculture and manufactories, as two pillars upon which to build, the natural resources of the country have a chance to spread, to blossom and to produce fruit. Money goes into circulation. The banks get hold of much of this money and lay it out, according to approved principles of experience, in such manner as to assist legitimate efforts of trade, while yielding a fair profit to the managers. Importers and tradesmen generally have learned the wisdom of assorting goods so as not glut the markets, either in the quality or quantity of their importations and purchases.

The case of the farmer, the ready means of the manufacturer, the wealth of the importer and wholesale dealer in many wares, the intelligent handling, by the banks and other financial institutions, of large lumps of idle capital for definite purposes of general gain, all this puts the whole country on a comfortable footing, and then Government steps in, with the sanction of Parliament, to use the revenue, which represents the support of the people, for the building of public works.

Here again, the record of the Dominion is one that may be viewed with a feeling of satisfaction. There have been abuses, of course. Money has been ill spent, and some ugly superfluities have burdened the exchequer. But, as a rule, with the plans and specifications, which are the result of departmental experience, and the close scrutiny of a watchful Opposition, it may be set down that the numerous and splendid public works of the Dominion, notwithstanding their first outlay, and their cost of maintenance, are valuable assets which contribute not only to the present prosperity of the whole country, but are the most powerful levers of its credit at home and abroad.

This credit, founded on dollars and cents, which dollars and cents are the outcome of the farmer at his plough, the mechanic at his stool, the tradesman at his counter, the working man in all branches of toil, the banker at his desk, and the Department of Public Works, in its manifold relations to all the Provinces, should be regarded as our dearest treasure, and no partisanship ought to be allowed to mar it for the sake of any theoretical craze or empirical change.



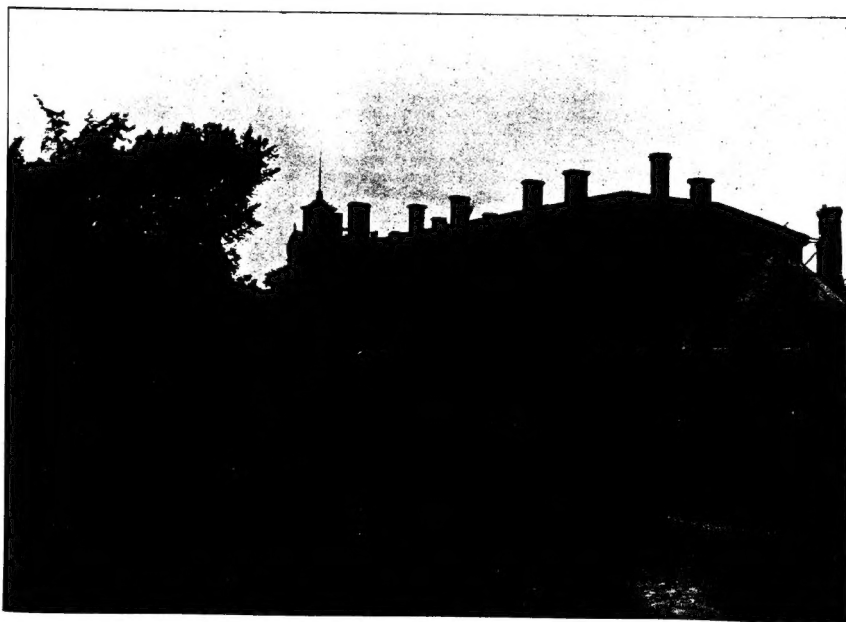
HIS EXCELLENCY THE MOST HONORABLE SIR HENRY CHARLES KEITH PETTY-FITZMAURICE
MARQUIS OF LANSDOWNE, G.C.M.G.,
LATE GOVERNOR GENERAL OF CANADA.

From a photograph by Topley.



RIDEAU HALL, OTTAWA. (THE GOVERNOR GENERAL'S RESIDENCE.)

Front view; Winter.—From a photograph by Topley.



RIDEAU HALL, OTTAWA.

Side view; Summer.—From a photograph by Topley.

NO WAR IN EUROPE.

The new German Emperor and King of Prussia used the young man's privilege of stepping forward before the world with a flourish of trumpets. But it is only a flourish. The two proclamations will amount to no more than a clever way of taking command of the army and navy, and the writers for the press who say otherwise are either blind to the situation of Europe or moved by personal motives of party or national interest.

It is a mistake to believe that a war would be popular in Germany, as all acquainted with any part of the empire are well aware. The German peasant knows enough of the blessings of peace, even on his narrow acres, and the burdens of war, with the added drudgery of barrack life, to encourage any new enterprise of the kind. Besides; although Germany is strong, she is not invincible, and former successes, largely due to weakness and bungling on the other side, may not be repeated. There is perhaps no country in Europe for whose peasant tenantry a continuance of peace is more needful.

Neither is there any ground for fearing an aggressive movement on the part of Russia. Eastward, in the pathway of India, there seems to be no means of checking the march of an empire which is almost more Asian than it is European, and a war may be forced in that direction before long, but any demonstration against Germany is not to be looked for.

Austria is in no condition for an aggressive attitude, and not even in the Slavonic territory will she do more than claim a voice of counsel. The principalities are jointly independent of Austrian influence, and it is only in case of internal dissensions, or financial shortcomings, that they think of appealing to Vienna. A similar situation of neutrality—more or less armed, to save appearances—is imposed on Italy, whose King, Government and people are too wise to risk their present enviable state of peaceful growth and financial recuperation for the chances of an invasion or loss of territory by foreign war.

Of all the nations of Europe, France has the least reason for talking of hostilities, or doing anything that might provoke them. Despite the elasticity she has displayed since the terrible days of 1870-71, and her present military strength, she has still to solve the problem of a permanent and thoroughly representative central government. To embark on a war, without a truly great man at the helm of state in Paris, is to run a great risk, and, in case of disaster in the field, would give rise to a revolution that might shake the republic to pieces.

Neither is Great Britain prepared nor in the humour to crosswords with anybody. Whatever may be thought of the strictures on her army and navy, which some of her most responsible men have uttered, even in Parliament, the common sense of the nation is there to stay any rashness of act and hinder any scheme of ambition. The material prosperity of the country is such that it would be suicidal to break up the lines of commerce for years in a campaign that might only last a season.

It pleased a number of holiday speakers, in national convention assembled at Chicago, the other day, to ridicule the alleged proposition of Great Britain for an admission of the principle of arbitration—eschewing war, in every event—as between the United States and England, in inter-

national questions affecting both; but while arbitration may remain a dream—in view of the savage belligerent leaven of bloodshed that ferments in the bosoms of the most civilized peoples—there is no doubt that it is grounded on wisdom, and self-interest well understood, and a blessed outcome of that common Christianity which we all affect to profess and practice. But arbitration or no arbitration, there seems to be no near danger of a general war in Europe.



THE CARTOON.—The subject of the Fisheries Treaty is still of actual interest, the ratification or rejection not having yet been determined upon by the Senate of the United States. The drawing of our artist is spirited and true. The expression on Sir Charles Tupper's face is the proper one of eagerness, slightly blended with annoyance. Mr. Cleveland's attitude shows the situation exactly. He is quite prepared to sign the treaty, as it is an act of his administration, but he is helpless in the last resort, for the reason that the ultimate decision rests solely with the Senate, not with the House of Representatives, and the Senate is Republican by a majority of only one.

LORD LANSLOWNE.—This portrait of our late chief magistrate was prepared when the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED began to take shape and during the last days of his Lordship's administration. It is from the latest photograph, and will deserve a place as a keepsake. It is safe to say that Lord and Lady Lansdowne left Canada with the goodwill of the whole people of the Dominion, equal, at least, to that felt for any of their predecessors.

RIDEAU HALL.—While the residence of our governors-general is by no means all that it should be, it has become endeared to the present generation, since the memorable year of 1867, as the home of three very popular representatives of the Crown. The grounds are vast enough, well laid out, and quite adapted to the double purpose of solitude and exercise. The winter scene is rather monotonous, except in the immediate neighbourhood of the Hall, where the toboggan slide, so famous for accidents, and other appliances for sports, give relief. In summer, although the Hall is deserted by the occupants, who lie them to the salmon rivers or the Citadel of Quebec, the grounds are very handsome; the park and lawns are worthy of any nobleman's seat; the hot-houses are crowded with every conceivable bloom, and the vineyard yields the fruit which is said never to fail, not even in the chill blasts of January. Our two pictures are new ones and well worth keeping for future reference, as we shall refer frequently to Rideau Hall.

DREAMLAND.—This is the masterpiece of Pierre Olivier Joseph Coomans, born at Brussels in 1816, and the author of many fine works. He is a medallist of The Hague and of Metz, and although not a member of the Legion of Honour, has won several medals from the Paris salons, in which Dreamland drew first prize in 1887. Coomans, in painting Dreamland, must have been in thought with the late Carl Lytton: "But in what spot of the world is there ever utter solitude? The vanity of man supposes that loneliness is his absence. Who shall say that millions of spiritual beings do not glide invisibly among scenes apparently the most deserted? Or what know we of our own mechanism, that we should deny the possibility of life and motion to things that we ourselves cannot recognize?"

SIR JOHN MACDONALD.—We are sure that all our readers, without exception, will be pleased to

see a new portrait of the veteran first minister, the chief of the fathers of Confederation, in the initial number of a paper which appears on the twenty-first anniversary of that important event. Sir John needs no further introduction, and we shall simply give his public record for future reference. He was born at Glasgow, Scotland, 11th January, 1815; received barrister, 1836; first entered Parliament in 1844; named Queen's Counsel, 1846; member of Executive Council, 1847; Premier, 1857, 1867, 1878; L.L.D. (Queen's), 1863; D.C.L. (Oxon.), 1865; chairman London Colonial Conference, 1866-67; Privy Councillor, 1867; K.C.B., 1867; member of Joint High Commission for settlement of Alabama claims, 1871; Knight Grand Cross of Royal Order of *Isabella la Católica* (Spanish), 1872; D.C.L. (Trinity), 1874; appointed member of H.M. Most Honourable Privy Council, 1879; G.C.B., 1884; L.L.D. (McGill), 1884; president Manufacturers' Life Insurance Co., 1887. Sir John has been the longest in our parliamentary life, without a break, for forty-four years, and minister of the Crown for nearly forty, and is the only colonial Privy Councillor.

MAMELILAKA VILLAGE.—This pretty name denotes the site of an island, near Knight's Inlet, in British Columbia. The shape of the village reminds one of Cartier's description of the stockade at Hochelaga, while the wood above and the stretch of water below are most picturesque surroundings.

BOW RIVER VALLEY.—This charming view is taken from a point near the new hotel at Banff, and comprises a portion of the tract reserved by the Dominion Government to form a national park. The hot springs at this point, combined with the great glaciers and magnificent mountain scenery, are drawing a large number of visitors, the more enthusiastic of whom declare that Banff is the most beautiful spot in the world. Although this nook in the Rockies is a mile above the sea, the peaks tower over it to the height of 7,000 feet. To the north, Mount Cascade rears its snowy crest 9,875 feet; Peached rises in a sharp cone 10,000 feet high; other summits, many capped with eternal ice, fill the beholder with admiration. We have in preparation several engravings of this enchanting region, which we will publish from time to time. Banff is 2,342 miles from Montreal, 42 miles east of the highest point of the Rocky Mountain Pass, and 564 miles from Vancouver.

THE GERMAN IMPERIAL GROUP.—In memory of the painful events of the past few months, we put together the portraits of the late Frederick III., German Emperor and King of Prussia, who succeeded to the throne on March 10, '88, and died on June 15, 1888, nearly completing a second Hundred Days. His wife is the well-known Princess Victoria, eldest daughter of Her Majesty the Queen of England, who now becomes a dowager empress. The new Kaiser is William II., son of the two former, and the new Empress bears the name of Augusta Victoria. They have already an interesting family.

HON. THOMAS GREENWAY is an Englishman, born at Cornwall, in 1838, and educated in Ontario, where he entered into public life as Reeve of the Township of Stephen and member of Parliament for South Huron. He moved to Manitoba in 1878, and almost immediately entered the Legislature. He was the leader of the Opposition, until he exchanged that honourable post for the more responsible one of leader of the Manitoba Government.

HON. CHARLES H. TUPPER, the second son of Sir Charles Tupper, was born at Amherst, N.S., August 3, 1855. He was educated at McGill and Harvard Universities, and called to the Bar of N.S. in 1878. He was first returned to Parliament in 1882 and again in 1886, and by acclamation on accepting office, a few days ago. Mr. Tupper is the representative of the young men of Canada in the Government.

THE BATTLE OF LAPRAIRIE.*

(1691.)
A BALLAD.

1.
That was a brave old epoch,
Our age of chivalry,
When the Briton met the Frenchman
At the Fight of LaPrairie;
And the manhood of New England,
And the Netherlands true,
And Mohawks sworn, gave battle
To the Hourion's lilied blue.

2.
That was a brave old Governor
Who gathered his array,
And stood to meet he knew not what
On that alarming day.
Eight hundred against tumors vast
That filled the wild wood's gloom
With all New England's flower of youth,
Fierce for New France's doom.

3.
And the brave old scarce three hundred !
Their's should in truth be fame;
Borne down the savage Richelieu
On what empire they came !
Your hearts are great enough, O few:
Only your numbers fail !
New France asks more for conquerors,
All glorious though your tale.

4.
It was a brave old battle,
That surged around the fort,
When D'Hosta fell in charging,
And 'twas deadly strife and short;
When in the very quarters
They contested face and hand,
And many a goodly fellow
Crimsoned LaPrairie sand.

5.
And those were brave old orders
The colonel gave to meet
That forest force, with trees entrenched,
Opposing the retreat:
"De Callicers" strength behind us,
And beyond, your Richelieu!
We must go straightforth at them;
There is nothing else to do."

6.
And then the brave old story
Comes of Schuyler and Varennes,*
When "Fight," the British colonial called,
Encouraging his men,
"For the Protestant Religion,
And the honour of our King !—"
"Sir, I am here to answer you !"
Varennes cried, forthstepping.

7.
Were those not brave old rays ?—
Well, here they still abide;
And yours is one or other;
And the second's at your side,
So when you hear your brother say:
"Some loyal deed I'll do,"
Like old Varennes, be ready with:
"I'm here to answer you !"

W. D. LIGHTHALL.

Montreal, June 18, 1888.

* The Battle of LaPrairie (August, 1691.) was one of the first collisions of the British and French races in America, and, according to all original accounts, a very brave affair. A colonial force of 266 men, composed about half each of "Christians" and Iroquois, came down Lake Champlain and the Richelieu river in canoes to strike a blow at French Canada. The fort was held by De Callicers and 500 men; but so brisk and sudden was the attack that the colonials were soon in possession of the militia quarter adjoining, where they were attacked; and, after making great slaughter, on hearing the immense disparity of their numbers, they withdrew, "like victors," says Charlevoix (who loved to record a "belle action" on either side), and marched back for their canoes, which they had left guarded on the Richelieu. Varennes, with about 300 men, coming from Chambly, intercepted them, and they were forced to cut through, which they did after a fiercely contested fight of a couple of hours.

* Pronounced "Skylar" and "Varenne."

Lady Stanley is of good Whig stock—a daughter of the late Lord Clarendon, distinguished for his long and important services in the Foreign Office. Her Excellency is highly gifted with mental and physical accomplishments and, as such, will gracefully keep up the traditions of the three ladies who lived before her at Rideau Hall—a countess, a princess and a marchioness.

A MISSISQUOI HOLIDAY.

BY JOHN TALON-LESPERANCE.

I.
I was receiving teller at a bank. Had pretty fair wages and good hours—down at nine, and opening at ten, for business; wicket drawn against customers at three, and off at four. This gave me the remainder of the day. In summer the boon was still greater, for from four o'clock until eight there was light enough to enjoy excursions into the country, by land and water; to the park of Mount Royal, the island of St. Helen's, the shaded lanes of Longueuil, and the bay of Lachine. On my return, I was fresh for the amusements of the evening, whatever they might happen to be. I was always in for a play, an opera or a concert; I hardly ever missed a lecture or a reading, and my Tuesdays and Fridays were generally devoted to the intimate recreation of friends' houses. I belonged to no clubs, having not money enough to spend on luxuries, and I could not afford to go into late hours, as I had been told to make it a rule always to turn up early and ready for my work in the morning.

My name is Owen Hooker. I was born at Fenelon Falls, in a pretty part of Ontario; my early schooling was done there, with the occasional coaching of a clever mother and the keen mentorship of a crippled sister, who was a genius, but, at the age of sixteen, circumstances forced me away from home, and since I have managed to shift for myself.

It was the month of September, and the holiday season was well on. My mates in the bank had nearly all had their turns before me, but coming last, there was the luck of getting a few days more than the others. My plan of travel was soon laid out. Suppose I should visit the English Townships of Quebec? I had often heard that they were the garden of the Province, and that the people there were of the best class of farmers, making money, living well, and educating their children. Of these Townships, chiefly the South-Eastern ones, bordering on the frontiers of Vermont and New Hampshire, I had heard most of Missisquoi. Furthermore, a young man living at Philipsburg, in that township, and who came to town very often, on business with the bank, had invited me to see him, promising that we should have a good time.

I started out by an early train, choosing to travel by day, in order to see the country, and felt, at the start, that I should be rewarded. The rush through the Victoria bridge was bracing, as the passage from the dark bowels of the earth into the open air and bright sunshine of the summer landscape. The run by rail, from the St. Lawrence to the Richelieu, was over a level plain, studded with French farms, and bounded by a chain of Appalachian spurs. At St. Johns, seated like a queen on the latter river, also called that of the Iroquois, with its barracks, bridges canal locks, and cultured population of mingled English and French, we were detained a while by a change of train, then sped past Iberville, Desrivieres—named after an old Hudson's Bay family—Stanbridge, and, in good time for breakfast, reached the end of the journey by rail. This interesting spot boasts of three names—St. Armand's, from the uterine of the parish; Pete Smith, in memory of an ancient settler, who built shops and stores in the hamlet, and Moore's Corners, from the house of one Hiram Moore, which stood at the four cross-roads that became historic ground in the rebellion of 1837. The dwelling is still there, as it was that cold December morning fifty years ago. A square courtyard surrounding the building used to be set with Balm of Gilead trees, but these have been cut down, the more's the pity, and the Moore family have left the village.

A few rods from the tavern, in which I had my morning meal, I was shown the spot where the memorable scene of blood was enacted for which the place is famous. The hamlet itself lies in a quiet valley, with a ridge of hills behind, but my eye was pointed to a particular ridge on the east, looking down sheer on the four roads just men-

tioned. This was the field of battle on the 6th December, 1837. The French insurgents started from Swanton, in Vermont, nine miles from the frontier, with one hundred men, passed Highgate, on the boundary, and pushed forward into Canada. They received reinforcements all the way up, and met with no opposition till they came to Moore's Corners. There they were brought to a halt. As they grounded their arms at the cross-roads, they saw the hills to the left crowned with troops and glistening with musketry. Without loss of time, the engagement began. The Canadians bravely attempted to scale the hill, seeking the shelter of the trees on the sunken roads and the bridge paths. Volley after volley greeted their advance, and, but for the screening they got on the way, they would have been mowed down in great numbers. As it was, the engagement lasted some time without any definite result and might have ended in a hand-to-hand fight, on the brow of the ridge, but the wounding of the insurgent leaders disheartened their followers, who suddenly broke and fled, hotly pursued by the troops charging down the inclined plane, with ringing cheers. On reaching the flat ground, at the four corners, the flying columns took to the woods and thus escaped to the American frontier. The result of the combat, however, was important in that it put an end to all hostile movements in the Richelieu valley and the Eastern Townships for the remainder of the year 1837, and during the whole of the winter of 1837-38.

Among the militia who had borne the brunt of the encounter were the men of Philipsburg—the village to which I was bound. The road betwixt Moore's Corners and Philipsburg is a charming drive, up hill and down dale, through a rich land, thoroughly tilled and held by well-to-do farmers. On the way I stopped at a blue-frame house and met a tall, old man standing on his own grounds, near a barn, a short distance from his dwelling. This was Hamilton Hogle, well known throughout the Townships for the part he took in the battles of 1837, and who then and there told his personal experiences. A little later two or three church spires shot above the trees, the Bay of Missisquoi sprang into sight, like a shield of burnished silver, and a sharp turn of the road led me into the beautiful village of Philipsburg.

A moment later and I had alighted at the inn, when suddenly I heard a voice at my right:

"Why, is that you? Just arrived? You have taken us by surprise."

It was our bank customer, named Thomas Sharpe, and saying this he turned to two young ladies, who must have been in his company, although I did not see them when he first spoke, and introduced them as:

"Miss Greene."

"Miss Suzor."

If I had had any misgivings about coming, a stranger, to Philipsburg, the sight of these two young ladies would have scattered them like mist. Although there was nothing in their demeanour, nor in their dress, different from that of city girls, for instance, I felt at once, and with a comforting assurance, that they were natives of the hamlet and were going to make my holidays a period of rare enjoyment. We have these spontaneous presentiments, sometimes, and shall see whether, in the present instance, mine will come true.

II.

Finishing a little further conference, we parted on the understanding that Sharpe should call for me at the tavern a couple of hours after my luncheon, and when he had despatched his business of the day. The noontide meal helped to buoy my spirits. It was a clean, fresh, wholesome country repast—home-made bread, buckwheat cakes, butter, fish from the bay, eggs, maple syrup, honey, and an ewer of foaming milk. I feasted on these as I should not have done on prepared meats and elaborate pastry, and my relish was edged by the bright thoughts that flitted through my mind. I was picturing the good company that I had fallen into. Sharpe was one of the foremost young men of the place—of good county stock, the owner of fair private means,



"DREAMLAND."

From a painting by Joseph Connors.

Photograph supplied by Alex. S. Murray & Son, Toronto, Directors for Canada of the E. & S. L. Photograph Company.



THE RIGHT HON. SIR JOHN A. MACDONALD, G.C.B.,
MEMBER OF HER MAJESTY'S PRIVY COUNCIL,
PREMIER OF CANADA.

From a photograph by Topley

and occupying a situation of trust, which gave him a stand in the village, as collector of Her Majesty's Customs. These official relations won him friends at Montreal and Ottawa, while his personal good qualities made him a favourite at home. As to the two young ladies, I was puzzled how to fasten and keep the first impression they made upon me. Although our conversation had been very short and, to all appearances, perfunctory, I gathered that the talker of the twain—not the fairer, for they were both fair—was named Ellen Greene; that her father was a retired law officer of the Crown, living at ease. The other was Miss Annie Suzor, a true British name, spite of its foreign look and sound, and daughter of a gentleman farmer, who still retained a half dozen of estates in the neighbourhood, but had gone to spend the evening of his life in the good society of Phillipsburg. I had a lively recollection of the appearance of these young ladies, from only a few glances, but do not find it so easy to put down a description thereof in writing. Miss Greene was above the ordinary size of a girl, well-built, square-shouldered, full-chested, with slender waist withal, and an expression of arch intelligence, betokened by blue eye, tender nostril and delicate lip. Miss Suzor was shorter and chieftly distinguished by a pretty face, crowned by a wealth of curly, flaxen hair. That splendid hair would draw attention the first thing, and cause her to be remembered everywhere. She seemed more timid and retired than her companion, although there was no lack of readiness in her speech.

Having nearly cleared the white cloth of its contents, and locked up the album of my memory, with the three portraits safely inserted there, I arose and left the inn for a stroll through the streets of the village. This is an exercise that I am fond of, preferring it to company, as I thus make my own reflections on what I see and hear, and enjoy to the full the novelty of strange scenes without the prosaic interference of those who are familiar therewith. In this way I strayed over the hill; tarried in front of trim gardens, aflame with the large blossoms of the coming fall; inspected the neat cottages, fresh in white paint and green shutters, with broad gable chimney betokening the vast hearthstone and abundant kitchen; and looked in at the churches, which, in such peaceful afternoons, appear to keep a misty watch over the people. Then I strayed to the beach, with its stretches of white sand, where Missisquoi Bay spread out before me, an inlet of Lake Champlain, the home of innumerable fish, the haunt of sportsmen, and one of the most beautiful bodies of water in the Dominion of Canada. I stood there, gazing over the tranquil sheet, adding, if so might be, to the unbroken stillness of the hour, and watching the play of a few straggling clouds upon its bosom, mottled with sunlight, when I heard the plash of oars, and was awakened from my dream by the sight of Sharpe in his boat, almost at my feet.

"I called at the hotel"—your true villager never speaks of an inn or a tavern in his place—"and when told you were gone for a walk, I thought I should find you on the beach, and I fetched the boat. Jump in."

I jumped in and took my seat at the tiller, Sharpe refusing to let me row, and promising to go along gently and leisurely.

"I want to let you see the lake"—meaning Lake Champlain—"by sunset, or, at least, by the waning light of the afternoon, and for that we shall have to move toward the mouth of the bay."

It took quite a time to do that, the result being that we had plenty of opportunity to chat. Sharpe ran over commonplaces, at first, giving a brief history of Phillipsburg and of Missisquoi, and their resources and remarkable men—some of them of real note—the whiles affording me a clearer insight into his own character and career, which simply increased my esteem for him. At last I sharply broke off this talk, and asked him about the two young ladies. He looked up with a shrewd glance, and smiled in a way that meant curiosity and pleasure.

"I thought you would ask about them long be-

fore this," he said, with the same genial smile.

"I was waiting for you to begin and tell me all that relates to them," was the reply, as I shifted the rudder and we entered on a full view of Lake Champlain.

"Well, I'll tell you. It is best not to anticipate. I will say only this, that they were both awfully taken with you, and made me promise to call on them, with you, this evening."

"But they do not live together?"

"No. They are near neighbours, however, and are hardly ever apart. One is in the other's dwelling, and the reverse. They are dear friends of mine, I am proud to say. I am sure that you will enjoy meeting them very much."

I had not the slightest doubt of it. I felt quite safe that the first of my holidays would end as happily as it had begun, and I was eager that the evening should come on. It was now sunset, and we had the glorious view which Sharpe had promised me. The great lake—scene of so much history, in two hundred years—the incursions of the Iroquois to Quebec; the expedition of de Tracy into the Mohawk Valley; the ascent of Montcalm in 1758; the descent of the British in 1760; the triumph and flight of the Continentals in 1776-77; the disastrous march of Bourgoync, which culminated at Saratoga in 1780; the naval encounters of 1812-15, and the lesser incidents of the Canadian rebellion of 1837-38, the great lake seemed to reflect in sanguine glory all these deeds of victory and defeat as the sun poured his departing fires upon its bosom, tempered by streaks of storm clouds. We sat in rapt wonder, for over ten minutes, then I swiftly grasped the oars, changed seats with Sharpe, and rowed back in one-half the time that it had taken us to go forth.

That evening, after dinner at the inn, which I insisted on my comrade partaking with me, we called at the dwelling of Mr. Greene, where we met that gentleman, his good wife, and their only child, Miss Ellen. Miss Annie Suzor was there, too, and the whole declared that they had been impatiently waiting for us. A most agreeable evening was spent, in which I had my share of the company of the young ladies, without at all neglecting the elder people. I found the father specially well up in the fashionable, cultivated and polite topics of the day, and while I was conversing with him and the two girls, the mother and William Sharpe held a council together, wherein it was resolved that, on the second day from that night, we should go on a picnic to the blockhouse.

(To be continued.)



ALMOST A MONOLOGUE.—"How do you like my new dress?" enquired Mrs. De Jaison of her husband.

"Isn't it a little—"

"No, it isn't. Now, Alfred, I think you're just horrid. It's the new colour, emerald green."

"Yes, dear, but I was only going to say—"

"Oh, I know! That it isn't the colour I ought to wear. If it was that horrid Miss—you would think it lovely."

"But I didn't mean—"

"Yes, you did, too. You're mean enough for anything. And you've never noticed my new chip hat, either."

"Why, my love, I thought—"

"You thought! Of course you did—that it makes me look frightful. I—I—(sob, sob)—declare it's too-o-b-a-d."

"If you'd only let me speak—"

"Speak! Why, what else have you done for the last half hour—just to find fault, too, with everything I had on? What's that? A diamond for my birthday present? Oh, you dear, precious old sweet! Why didn't you say so, and not tease me so? I could not imagine what you wanted to say."

Barnum says the elephant has got more sense than the average man. You can't name a drink outside of water he will touch, and no one will lead him into bad company.

He (at dinner).—"May I assist you to the cheese?" Miss Vassar (just graduated).—"Thanks, no; I am very comfortable where I am. But you may assist the cheese to me, if you will."

First domestic.—"Where are you livin' now?" Second domestic that was.—"I ain't livin' at all; I'm married."—*New Haven News*.

Mr. Lightpulse (in theatre aisle after the play, Miss Fairlady on his arm; aisle crowded; Lightpulse's pockets empty, but his brain full of ideas).—"I should like to invite you to stop at the restaurant for refreshments, but of course that won't do, as it is not considered good form for a young lady to go to such places late at night without a chaperon."

Miss Fairlady (defiantly causing an elderly female just ahead to turn around).—"My aunt, Mrs. Eatheart, Mr. Lightpulse."

WHY NOT BE A CLAM?—"Don't be a clam" is a warning that meets one very frequently nowadays. Well, why not? What's the matter with a clam? He's all right. If he fulfils his mission and makes the most of himself, what more could be expected and what more does any person do? The clam is as well born, as well bred, and as respectable as the oyster, yet nobody thinks of speaking disrespectfully of the oyster. What has the clam done that it should be made a term of derision? Nobody ever heard of a clam getting drunk, lying, cheating at cards, abusing dumb animals, putting a little dog's eyes out, or doing any of the thousand things by which men distinguish themselves from brutes. The clam is yet to be heard from. Perhaps he would say, "Don't be a man."—*Indianapolis Journal*.

THE HEARTH-RUG MAN.—He put up a job on the hired girl whereby he hoped to sell her a patent process for making fire-rugs she would never need.

Then he rung the door-bell, and, when she answered it, he put on his most insinuating smile, lifted his hat high off his head and remarked in his blandest voice:

"The lady of the house, I believe?"

"Oh, yes," she said, with a mouth full of sarcasm, "I'm 60 years old and got a squint in one eye, and a figure like a scare-crow. I s'pose I'm her!"

He saw his mistake when too late, but as he slowly backed down the gravel walk to the gate he said regretfully:

"How was I to know that? I was told she was young and beautiful, and when I saw you—"

"If you've got any patterns I like I'll buy an outfit," she interrupted; "step in and I'll look at them."—*Detroit Free Press*.

The Romans seemed to realize how obstinate woman could be, when they called her *mulier*.

A North of England ferryman has the following motto: "No crown, no cross."

The Grecian ladies, according to Homer, counted their age from their marriage, not from their birth. They began when they were won, as it were.

HISTORICAL COMPETITION.

The literary and historical committee of the "Cercle Catholique" of Quebec invite home and foreign writers to take part in a competition now opened for the best essays, in English and French, on *Jacques Cartier, his life and voyages*. The Honourable A. R. Angers, Lieutenant-Governor of the Province of Quebec, has kindly offered a silver and a bronze medal for each class of competition. Manuscript must cover at least one hundred pages foolscap, each, and be transmitted on or before the 15th of September, 1888. Each essay must be signed with a fictitious name and be accompanied by a sealed envelope bearing, on the outside, the same fictitious name, and containing inside the author's real name,—the whole to be addressed to Mr. Ernest Gagnon, corresponding secretary of the committee, No. 164, Grande-Allee, Quebec. Manuscripts will be returned to their respective authors within six months from the date of their reception.

A WEEK IN A BOY'S LIFE.

(TRANSLATED FROM JACQUES JASMIN.)

I.

Chill was our sky: the swallows all had fled,
A feeble glimmer by the sun was shed.
The silent fields were lying black and bare.
When All Saints' Day drew nigh;
And from each palsied bough on high
The yellow leaves, condemned to die,
Drooped, eddying slowly through the air.

II.

One evening, from our peaceful town,
While countless stars were gazing down,
A brother and a sister strayed
In melancholy mood,
And when before a Cross they stood,
They innocently prayed.
Bathed in the moonlight's purity
Abel and Rose long bent the knee;
Then, like some organ in a fan,
The mournful voices of the twain
Poured forth two prayers that blent in one,
And soared to Heaven in unison:
"Mother of Christ! benignant Maid!
"Father at home lies sick with pain;
Oh! send thine angel to his aid—
So shall our mother smile again,
And we, thy children, will adore
And love thee, sweetest Virgin, more and more."
The Virgin could not slight the prayer
Scarce had they reached their home,
When, from a door that opened there,
A woman, youthful still, and fair,
With joy beheld them come:
"Poor daillings! Death hath turned aside—
The fever is subdued—
And since your father hath not died,
Show God, day thanks, thy gratitude."
So, kneeling on the bare, rude planks
Of a poor garret, they gave thanks,
Beside a bed, with serge o'erspread,
Where, with cool and painless brow,
Hilaire, the honest father lay—
A soldier in his youthful day,
A humble mason now.

III.

The morrow dawned with smiling gleam,
The sunlight once again
Was soon illuming with its beam
Each patched-up window pane,
When Abel came with noiseless tread,
Stole forward to his father's bed,
And opened the curtain by his head.
He, newly wakened, held his son with joy.
And cried: "I looked for thee—remain, my boy.
Our home is poor: my toil procures us food;
God for your sakes has spared me—God is good.
For thou art young—not fifteen quite—
Thou knowest how to read and write—
But thou art coy, and grave, and prone to dream:
Still, life has work for everyone, I deem.
I know that you are delicate and frail,
Less strong than comely; and thine arms would fail
To smite the stone with sinews laden;
But our Collector, wise and kind,
Notes that thy manners are refined,
And to befriend thee is inclined.
Go, then, and do his bidding: but no sloth,
And no conceit, my boy—leave that to fools—
Writer and artisan are workmen—both—
Pens, hammers, are their tools.
Mind, like the body, wears our life away—
Enough, dear child! I trust that thou,
Dressed in black cloth, wilt ne'er allow
False pride to scorn thy father's mean array."
Abel's blue eyes were lifted up with joy—
Fond kisses passed between the man and boy,
Mother and sister, also, had their share:
Next morn, the stripling to his patron went,
And for four days that followed, their content
Was boundless as the air.

IV.

Alas! the pleasures of the poor are brief!
The Sabbath morning brought a mandate stern:
"Hilaire to-morrow must to work return.
If he be absent, in that case
Another hand will take his place.
By order of the Chief."
The volley from a cannon fired
No deeper anguish doles,
Than by his message was inspired
Within four wretched souls.
"I'm cured," the father cries,
And struggles hard to rise,
But falls back feebly: if he works, he dies!
A week of rest is wanted: ah! poor friend!
Thy life and death upon thy toil depend.
All four were moved through Abel's heart
A thought like lightning seemed to dart.
It dried the tears within his eyes,
And lent the boy a noble mien:
Strength in each muscle seemed to rise,
While blushes on his cheek were seen.

Then, forth he fared, and quickly went
To the rough foreman's tented.
Soon he returned: his heart no more
By sore distress was wrung:
Ne'er had he looked so gay before,
Smiles in his eyes, and honey on his tongue.
"Rest, father, rest! Thou hast a week of grace.
Rest from thy toil—thy wonted vigour gain
A friend that loves thee will supply the place
Which thou may'st still retain."

V.

Saved by a friend! So, friends still love and feel!
Would this were certain of our world of woes:
To-morrow's light the secret will reveal—
Good sons exist—but friends? alas! who knows?
'Tis Monday morn: our Abel drudges hard—
Not at the desk, but in the builder's yard.
His sure was wrong: for, though he seems to be
So frail, his work is as the work of three:
Lisply he crumbles up the lime,
And kneads the mortar for each wall,
Light as a bird, he loves to climb,
Till the pale workmen tremble for his fall.
He walks a dizzy platform with the best,
Smiles as he mounts, and smiles when he alights:
Here, there, and everywhere, no task he slight,
But toils to save his father and his blight,
And thus his honest comrades there,
Who guessed the secret of the boy,
Watched while the sweat uncurled his sunny hair,
And clapped their hands with tearful joy.

VI.

What bliss for Abel, when at close of day
The workmen homeward press,
He quickly doffs his spattered dress
And dons his black array.
Then, three fond traitors all conspire
To cheat the unsuspecting sire,
Who haunts his son's arrival from the desk:
Abe prates of bills and contracts, in barbesque,
And with an artful wink replies
Where'er his conscious mother winks her eyes!
So passed three days: the patient quits his bed:
Life seems more sweet—an unfamiliar brood—
Thursday—his malady has fled—
Friday—he gaily leaves the house at noon.
But Friday! God create thee for woe!
Cheered by the sunshine's welcome beam,
Hilaire speeds onward, vexed at seeming slow:
He hears his friend and substitute to greet
He longs his name to know.

VII.

And now, the house is nigh: but no one stands on high,
And yet the bell for dinner has not rung:
Great Heaven! what crowds are at the building's base—
Foreman—mechanics—neighbours, old and young.
But why? A man has fallen! Oh! piteous case!
His friend, perchance, his soul is on the rack.
He runs—the workmen shudder at the sight,
And strive to keep him back.
He elbows through, with frenzied might:
Oh! helpless sire—oh! horror wild—
The friend that saved him is his darling child!
He finds him toppled from a scaffold's height,
Stretched—almost dead—upon the bloody ground:
And while the father shrieks for fright,
To aid his son all sadly cluster round.
Alas! the boy who dies,
Past aiding, only sighs.
"Master! I could not—quite—work out my week—
One day is lost—but in poor mother's name
Thy pity for my father I bespeak."
Men wept to hear the fond, pathetic claim.
At length the sufferer turns his eyes
Upon his father, bends his face
Towards him for a moment's space,
Petioning a last embrace:
Fondles his hand, and, smiling softly, dies!

VIII.

They kept his place for lone Hilaire—
They proffered goodly pay,
Alas! too late! his only care
Was soon to pass away.
No gold his sorrow could efface—
No skill his life could save—
He went—to take another grave,
Beside his darling's grave.

Montreal.

GEORGE MURRAY.

Another craze in the way of Volapük, Esperanto
or Universal Language is "World English" which
Alexander Melville Bell proposes by kindly
"amending" our alphabet and spelling on scientific
principles. Nine new characters would be intro-
duced for consonant sounds and all the rest of it.

Edward Everett Hall has taken to writing in
"popular style" the household and other problems
of free trade and protection for one of the Chicago
papers. That fine pen might be better employed.

LITERARY NOTES.

It is to be hoped that Alice Baker will publish
in pamphlet form her admirable article on the des-
cendants of the Captives of Deerfield.

Charles Muir, the poet, dwelling at St. Albert,
on the Saskatchewan is a candidate for the va-
cancy in the English section of the Royal Society
of Canada.

The Montreal Society for Historical Studies
sends a representative to Deerfield, at the end of
July, before a Summer School there, to read or-
iginal notes on Hertel de Rouville who raided that
hamlet nearly 200 years ago.

Miss Annie Robertson Macfarlane is coming to
Canada for some months to gather material for a
history of the country to be included in Putnam's
series of "Stories of the Nations."

J. K. Foran, of Aylmer, has been publishing, in
an Ontario weekly, a story of the Têtes-de-Boule,
back in the Gatineau Country. The writer spent
a winter among these Indians and writes from
knowledge.

We hear no more of Ch. J. Parham, of Ottawa,
who published a wonderful little collection of "Ly-
rical Translations" from the Oc, Italian, Spanish,
Portuguese and Provincial Dialects a few months
ago. What has become of our friend?

Mr. Edgar, M. P., well known for his Political
Songs, has been translating some of the shorter
pieces of the French Canadian poets into English.
The more these writers are known to us the better
for all.

A little work that should meet with steady sale
is "The Canadian Birthday Book", with poetic
selections for every day in the year, by "Seranus."
There are six editions in the market. A cheaper
one still would sell very widely, as the book is
meant to be a *Vade Mecum*.

We are coming to native book-making, when
you have a work written by a Canadian author and
illustrated by a Canadian artist. That is the case
with "Shanty, Forest and River life in the Back-
woods" by Josuah Fraser and the illustrations by
William Brymner.

James Russell Lowell is still as active as a
young man. Beside his book of poems, dating
back only a couple of months, he is about to pub-
lish a volume of "Political Essays", covering the
transient work of thirty years.

It is not very complimentary to learn that a
little book called "Slips of Tongue and Pen", by
J. H. Long, of Peterborough, has not received in
this country that favour to which it is entitled. An
American reprint, on the other hand, has been
selling through several editions.

A letter received from Calgary gives a keen ac-
count of Ernest Chamber's accident. It was a
narrow escape. His leg is broken in two places,
and he will have to use crutches for six or seven
weeks, but will work in four or five. Mr. Chambers
is a most promising young journalist, and did
good work for the *Star* during the N. W. rebellion,
and for the 50th anniversary of the rebellion of
1837-38.

The *Empire* is right in calling on some one to
write the history of Canada during the war of
1812-15. A full history is wanted, especially as
the British and Americans have their, while the
scenes of nearly the whole war were on our soil.
Coffin's history, so far as it goes, cannot be beat,
and no future writer can treat of that war without
consulting him at every page.

The fifth volume of the "Proceedings and Trans-
actions of the Royal Society of Canada", lately
distributed, is perhaps the best and the most satis-
fying of any that has yet appeared. All the trans-
actions of the society are ably represented, and
some very good and well-known names appear on
the list of those who read papers. The Royal
Society of Canada is a National institution and its
success is a reflex of the growth of the country.



MÄMELIKA VILLAGE, VILLAGE ISLAND.
NEAR ENTRANCE TO KNIGHT'S INLET, BRITISH COLUMBIA.

From a photograph by Dr. G. M. Dawson, 11 Geological Survey Report.



BOW RIVER VALLEY, NEAR BANFF HOT SPRINGS, ALBERTA.
ON THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

From a photograph by Wm. Nutman & Son.



HER MAJESTY AUGUSTA VICTORIA,
GERMAN EMPRESS.



HIS MAJESTY WILLIAM II.,
GERMAN EMPEROR AND KING OF PRUSSIA.



THE LATE GERMAN EMPEROR FREDERICK III.
Died 15th June.

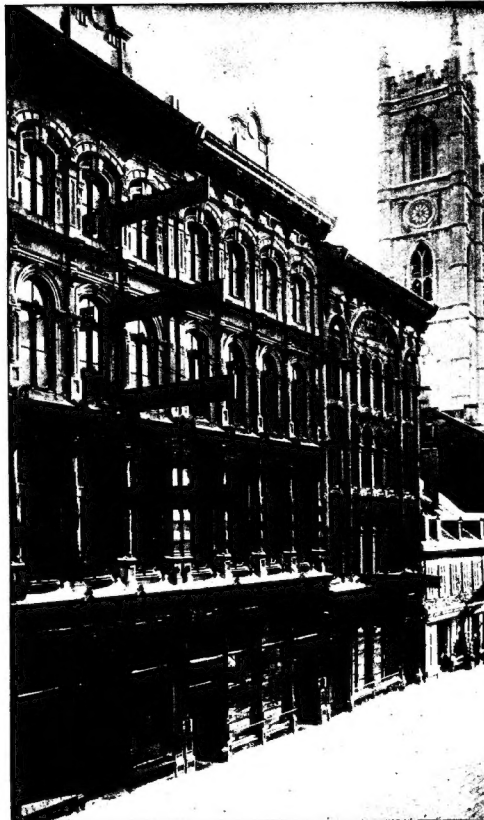


THE DOWAGER-EMPRESS VICTORIA,
WIDOW OF FREDERICK III.

A GREAT PIANO STORE.

Mr. L. E. N. PRATTE occupies one of the finest granite blocks in the city, comprising four flats and basement, elegantly decorated throughout with wall papers specially imported from Paris. The beautiful stained glass windows at the head of the grand staircase, as well as those in front of the hall on second floor, were also imported from the same place. Large bevelled plate glass mirrors, reaching from floor to ceiling, are placed between the windows of the second floor. The paper of the first flat has a background in copper coat-of-mail design, with relief ornaments of a different shade. On the second flat it gives the effect of drab cloth, richly embroidered with dead gold. The walls of the third floor have the appearance of being covered with fancy willow work, and look very odd and attractive. The fixtures and furniture are all of the most elegant designs and of the best quality. Mr. PRATTE has probably the most extensive and commodious Piano Rooms in Canada.

The stock is the largest and richest that can be found in the Dominion, consisting of over 100 Pianos and Organs of all descriptions, from the \$50 Parlor Harmonium to the largest pedal combination Organ; Concert, Parlor and Boudoir Grand Pianos, in Rosewood, French and Caucasian Walnuts; Upright Pianos, in San Domingo, Cuban and Mexican Mahoganies, French, American and Circassian Walnuts, Hungarian Ash, Leopard Wood, English Oak, Cocobola, Silver Grey Maple and Rosewood. As to the



EXTERIOR VIEW OF L. E. N. PRATTE'S PIANO WAREHOUSES,
No. 1676 NOTRE DAME STREET, MONTREAL.

artistic qualities of the instruments, it is only necessary to mention that they are from the following world-renowned makers: KNABE & Co., of Baltimore; HAZELTON BROS., KRANICH & BACH, FISCHER, NEWBY & EVANS, of New York; Rönisch, of Germany, and the Dominion Organ and Piano Co., of Bowmanville, Ont., each having a record of from twenty to fifty years of experience and brilliant success. As an evidence of the superiority of the above instruments, it may be stated that Mr. PRATTE has secured a class of customers second to none in this country, as well as the *élite* of the artists in Montreal. The Governor-General heads the list of the society people who use some of the above Pianos.

Mr. PRATTE has with him two brothers who have worked for several years at Pianos and Organs in several of the best American and Canadian factories. It is no wonder, then, that he is so successful in satisfying the taste even of the most exacting of his artistic customers.

The success of Mr. L. E. N. PRATTE is one that is wholly deserved, and has been attained by an unswerving determination to advance the sale of first-class goods and to check, as much as possible, the sale of cheap and inferior instruments; and, at the same time, by the practice of thoroughly conscientious business methods, which have won for him a wide reputation for undeviating reliability.

A visit to his Palatial Piano Rooms is at all times interesting, and visitors are always welcome whether they wish to purchase or not.



"ORGANIZED HYPOCRISY."

PLANTAGENET: Here's little Tabby dead. I ain't a bit sorry, are you?

BESSIE: No. She scratched me only Saturday because I pulled her tail.

AGNES: And she used to swear dreful, and spit at poor Tray.

TEENIE: An see hit me uns, tos I tot her nails.

AGNES: Never mind, let's pretend to be awf'ly sorry, then Mammie will give us some tocklate creams.

PERSONAL POINTS.

President Cleveland was not stirred beyond the common when told that he had been nominated a second time for the Presidency. Not even when he learned further that the honour had been conferred by acclaim, and amid a whirlwind of enthusiasm, did he make more ado. He had been working at his desk, and all he did was to rise, and send the good news to his wife, by telephone, at their country seat, outside of Washington.

The devil of vituperation is again swishing his tail, and that most outrageous of all racialities—the blackening of private character—is in full sway once more at the opening of the new campaign. There is no phenomenon like it in modern times. A wretched person invents and the wretched papers print broadcast the most incredibly outrageous stories about the President and his young wife. Poor Mrs. Folsom, the mother-in-law, is obliged to telegraph a denial from Paris, and poor Mrs. Cleveland herself, from the solitude of her country home, is forced to stoop to writing a public letter in rebuttal.

The nomination of Allen G. Thurman to the vice-presidency is another good stroke for the Democrats. Intellectual

ally Mr. Thurman is one of the greatest of living Americans, while for uprightness of life, faithfulness to his trusts, and grasp of the highest constitutional questions, both as judge of the Supreme Court of Ohio, and senator of the United States, he belongs to a generation that has well-nigh passed away—the era of the Calhouns, Clays, Websters, Bentons and Buchanans.

There has been general regret that Dr. Daniel Wilson, president of Toronto University, should have declined the knighthood conferred on him by Her Gracious Majesty. It was felt that the honour was meant not only for the personal merits of the distinguished doctor, but for his representative character as a man of letters. Indeed, Dr. Wilson has made his name in both science and literature. His book of poems is brilliant and tender.

Some of the papers are grieving that the late Matthew Arnold left no hoarded means behind him. If so, it was not for lack of opportunity. He got his fair share from his books, although these were never of the kind that takes very widely, and besides, he enjoyed nearly all his life a well paid berth in the Education Office, where he had plentiful leisure, congenial work, and the



VIEW OF ONE OF THE FOUR FLOORS OF L. E. N. PRATIE'S PIANO ROOMS, No. 1676 NOTRE DAME STREET, MONTREAL.

rare privilege of foreign travel. If Matthew Arnold did not save much, it is known that he lived well, and did not mind saving more.

Judge Thurman, of Ohio, the Democratic candidate for the vice-presidency, is a Virginian by birth, and although brought up as a Western man, he is Southern in many respects. He takes plentiful snuff, and his Macaboy is as renowned as was that of the great Henry Clay, of Kentucky. He flourishes a legendary red bandanna handkerchief and when he blew his Roman nose, it was, in his senatorial days, a sign for the fray.

Mr. Thurman has the further name of being one of the best French scholars in the United States. He reads, writes and speaks that tongue thoroughly well. His library of French books is choice and rare, and he reads all the chief Parisian publications, as they come forth. As a constitutional lawyer he ranks behind none in the Union. The saying in Congress, during his service there as member of the House of Representatives and of the Senate, was that Mr. Thurman was an authority beyond appeal on all knotty public topics.

The blossom of genius has been singularly long-lived among American men of letters. Dana, Longfellow, Emerson, and Hawthorne lived and wrote till beyond the scriptural term;

Irving and Bryant worked to a late end; Whittier and Wendell Holmes are still blossoming, though covered with the rime of age, and John Russell Lowell, at eight and sixty, has just put forth a book of verse, redolent of life's spring time, when even he wrote nothing sweeter or softer.

The splendid gift of John Hunter Duvau, of Hermeswood, Prince Edward Island, is bound to meet with fit reward in the share of public favour. His bent is toward archaic narrative, but he takes instinctively also to the drama. His "Enamorado," published a few years ago, and "De Roberval," which has just seen the light, are worthy of any similar poet that has written in our time. Indeed, there are few poets that could create such.

Dr. Schultz, the new Lieutenant-Governor of Manitoba, is a remarkable man, well worthy of this honourable repose. He upheld Canada and the Constitution in the uprising of 1870, at the peril of his life and with fearful material loss, and ever since has worked for the Prairie Province, through a long and painful valetudinarian term. Mr. Joseph Royal, the Lieutenant-Governor of the Northwest Territories, is equally deserving of this high reward, having always stood on the side of law and order and proved himself the true friend of the Half Breeds.



TOO TENDER HEARTED.

A poor relative has been unfolding to the rich banker a harrowing story of his misery; the rich banker rings for his servant, and with tears in his voice, says: "Yacoub, dot 'miserable' wretch breaks mine heart mit his droubles; if I listen unto him some more, he 'will get some money from me, sure! Put him out, Yacoub, put him out quick, before I 'make such a fool' of me."

From "Fliegende Blätter."



THE HON. THOS. GREENWAY, PREMIER OF MANITOBA.

From a photograph by Topley.



THE HON. C. H. TUPPER, MINISTER OF MARINE AND FISHERIES.

From a photograph by Topley.

THE Canadian Pacific Railway

has provided its usual extensive list of tourist tickets to the various summer resorts of Canada and New England, which may be obtained at its different agencies at very reasonable rates.

Among the most desirable localities covered by these tickets may be mentioned Banff, Vancouver, Victoria, Seattle, Tacoma, Portland, Ore, and San Francisco. The sleeping and dining cars of the company's transcontinental trains are proverbial for their comfort and luxury, and now that the hotels at Banff, Field, Glacier, Fraser Cañon and Vancouver are all completed and open for guests, every want of the traveller is carefully provided for.

Tourist tickets to the above mentioned points are good for six months and permit stop over at pleasure.

From Montreal the rates are:

To Banff and return.	-	\$90 00
To Vancouver, Victoria, Tacoma, Seattle, or Portland and return.	125 00	
To San Francisco and return.	-	140 00

From other stations the rates are proportionately low.

Descriptive books may be obtained of Company's agents, or by addressing the Passenger Traffic Manager at Montreal.



DOMINICA Lime Fruit Juice

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Wholesome,
Purifies the Blood,
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